Beautiful Monsters

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Beautiful Monsters

by TigerPrawn

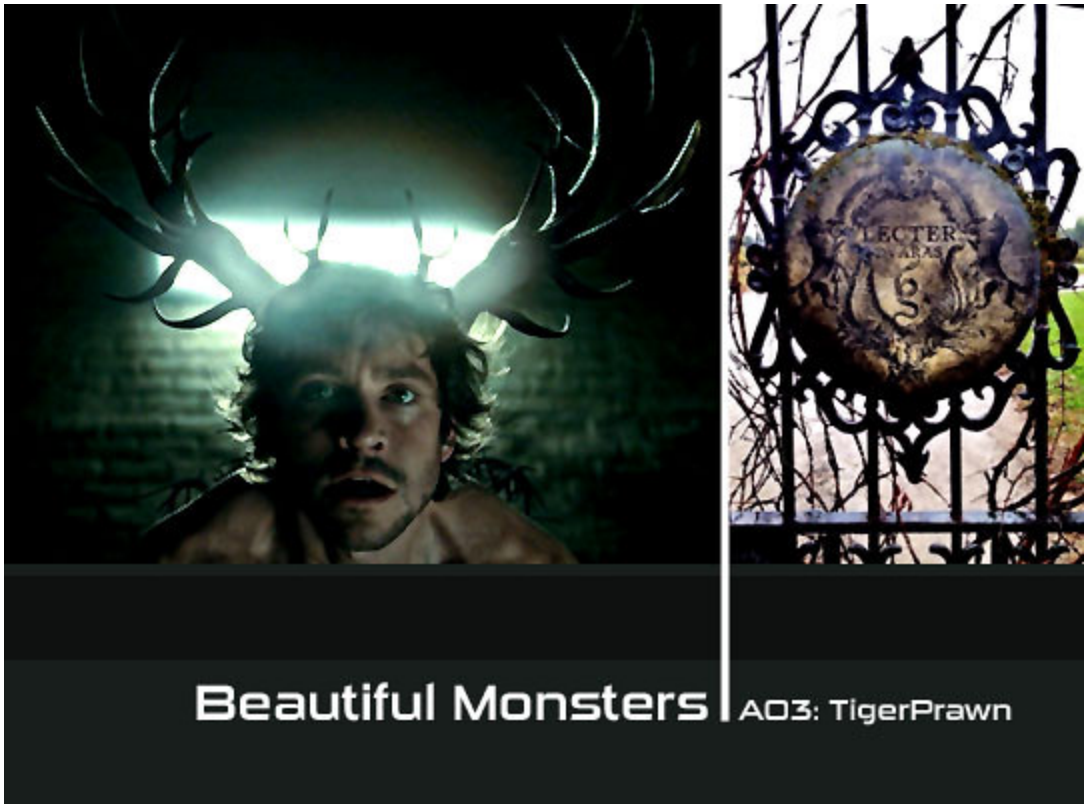
Summary

It is time for Will's true becoming...

Notes

The prompt:
Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter: I'd love to see Post- Season 3 Murder Husbands where Will finds out Hannibal actually IS the Wendigo, and somehow intends to make Will one too.

Prequel now available - Lonely Monsters



29th October

Talon like fingers moved lightly over his naked flesh, a little more pressure and they would break the skin. But they remained tame. Breath, sweetened with spices, puffed at his neck as a long wet tongue snaked out around his throat. Will moaned at the pressure of it, the threat that he knew would never be acted upon. He willed the talons lower-

Will was awoken by the boom of thunder, opening his eyes just in time to be momentarily blinded by the flash of lightning that followed.

He sat up in his bed, shuddering as his dreams filtered into reality.

The rumble of thunder had penetrated his dreams, only it hadn't been thunder. It had been a beastly noise, a growl… or perhaps a purr. It was quickly dissipating, the next crash of thunder wiping the sounds of the dream from him completely and leaving him a little bereft.

The room was lit again and Will knew that sleep wasn't going to be possible. Even so, he lay back on the overstuffed pillows, trying to at least rest.

His eyes roamed the room, drawn by the eeriness of it. It looked so different in the pitch black, only lit with the occasional flashes. Like something from a gothic horror.

During the day it was not so ominous - a luxurious, if antiquated suite. Very comfortable, with those strange little touches that let Will know exactly how well Hannibal knew him. Not just the bookcase, that seemed to contain every book he had ever mentioned to Hannibal, it would seem.

But also, the heavy blanket.

Hannibal well knew from their therapy sessions that he quite often sweated through bedding when having nightmares. But, he also knew that Will hadn't had any nightmares since they had arrived at Lecter Castle. And, moreover, knew from therapy that some nights Will couldn't sleep without the comforting weight of his dogs on the bed with him. He knew enough to add these things together and provide the blanket.

Will was pretty sure the blanket was some sort of purpose made comforter for touch starved people.

Was he touch starved? Perhaps not completely, but Hannibal clearly knew him well enough to know that he needed the option of that comfort. That heavy weight over him that he craved, and he had provided it.

A warmth spread in Will's chest as he considered that, not for the first time, before his attention was drawn to the door. Or rather the corridor beyond where he could hear, between thunder rolls, a slight creaking.

It was a very old building and it made a lot of random noises, so Will wasn't concerned, merely curious. It could only be Hannibal, or an intruder. And he wasn't exactly scared of an intruder. If one was able to get in over the newly refitted gates and high walls, it wasn't like they would find an easy target inside.

In truth, Will wasn't really scared of anything any more.

Almost.

His mind threw him immediately into the memory of them both in the water, trying desperately to keep Hannibal afloat. He nearly lost him as they both bled into the cold, stinging waters.

That had terrified him. The thought, the possibility of losing Hannibal, had terrified him.

He could feel a scream lodged in his heart, never having quite moved since that day.

The thunder clapped again and a moment later the door was lit up with the lightning, bouncing off of every ornate carving inlaid within the heavy wood.

Will found himself studying it in that split second. He'd never really given it so much attention before, but he tried to continue surveying it as the room once more went dark, and his eyelids started to droop. He drifted.

He wasn't sure when the next flash came, but his eyes shot open, looking directly at the lit up door. Only this time it was open.

The figure looming in the doorway was monstrously tall, antlers almost reaching the ceiling - the stag man he had seen before.

Will gasped for breath, his blood running hot as he scrambled upright in his bed, the light deserting the room once more. His heart pounded with anticipation, wondering if he were still dreaming.

“Will? Are you alright?”

There was a flick of a switch and the lamp next to the door came on, revealing Hannibal standing in the doorway wearing a housecoat and concerned expression.

“You cried out. Was it a nightmare?” Hannibal’s words were low and gentle.

Will shook his head, “No I… I don’t remember crying out. The storm woke me.”

Hannibal gave an understanding nod, “If you need anything…” he encouraged, as he always did, before turning to leave. He flicked the lamp back off, plunging Will back into darkness as he exited the room and closed the door behind him.

Will wasn’t sure if it was the storm or if he really was dreaming, but he could swear the receding footsteps sounded like the patter of hooves and the thought thrilled him.

30th October

Will descended the several levels of the great building, down to its bowels - the main kitchens - where he found Hannibal every morning.

As expected, he stood at the counter preparing food, though Will could see breakfast already laid out on the heavy, informal table they often dined at. On making this observation, Will focused in on what Hannibal was doing - realising he was elbows deep in the large pumpkin he was disemboweling.

The sight brought a smile to Will’s lips. Something he’d never really before considered he might see.

“Will,” Hannibal greeted him brightly, removing his orange stained hands from the pumpkin’s innards and reaching for the hand towel on the counter next to him. “Did you sleep well once the storm passed?” He asked as he removed the mess from his hands, and moved towards the coffee machine.

“I did, thanks,” Will’s smile faltered a little. The memory of pulling the weighted blanket over him and falling into a deep sleep through the rest of the storm, made him feel awkward. Hannibal’s gift had facilitated many a good night’s sleep but it seemed too intimate a thing to comment on. As did the dreams that had pulled him under.

Hannibal paused for a fraction of a second, perhaps sensing Will’s awkwardness before continuing to prepare coffee.

Will took a seat at the table and watched Hannibal work the convoluted machine that Will still hadn’t gotten to grips with, leaving him reliant on Hannibal providing some of the best coffee he had ever tasted.

It was a strange life they had fallen into here. When they had first made their way to Europe they were still both heavily injured from the fall and the fight with the Great Red Dragon. They recuperated on the run, moving in circles so as to through off anyone following.

When they had finally, after many long months, made it to Lithuania - Will had scoffed. As if it wouldn't be one of the places the FBI and Interpol would look for Count Hannibal Lecter. But he had smiled that disarming smile he had, and assured Will that once within the grounds of Castle Lecter, no one would touch them.

Will shuddered at the memory now, as he had at the time. He had remembered then his own trip to this place before in his own search for Hannibal. There was something otherworldly about the place, like entering a fairytale - it felt something apart from the world they lived in. *Had* lived in.

It was that thought of being cut off from the rest of the world - something Will enjoyed greatly - that brought forth the thought he voiced without consideration -

"Expecting Trick or Treaters?" Will nodded towards the pumpkin.

Hannibal smiled, "No. The wards will keep them back, but my family have always celebrated the holiday in their own way."

Will frowned, the entire sentence feeling like he was missing something, as though Hannibal had already had half of the conversation without him. When he asked, curiously, "Wards?" he received only a gentle smile in response as Hannibal placed a cup of coffee in front of him and went back to the pumpkin.

"In fact, I have a task for you if you have some free time?"

Will chuckled at that. He'd had nothing but free time since they'd arrived. He'd spent much of it walking the extensive grounds, mapping it out in his mind and trying to decide where to place a shack for his fishing gear. The hunting lodge had been razed to the ground, and he somehow knew without asking, that the ruins were out of bounds as far as Hannibal was concerned. He'd tinkered a little around the castle, but he never wanted to do too much - the line between mundane renovation and antique restoration a little blurred and one he didn't feel comfortable crossing.

"Yeah, sure."

The smile that garnered had Will's chest warming. An ache stirring.

He hadn't raised yet what Bedelia had confirmed, he wasn't sure he was ever going to. Hannibal might be in love with him but there were so many factors at play - so much between them that wasn't simple. So much that couldn't simply be resolved by the fact that Will was in love with him too.

He hadn't known, not really. Or maybe he'd hidden it from himself. Until that moment on the bluff where they clung to each other. His breath had shuddered and he had known - that tight

feeling in his chest, that ache - that was something he had never experienced before. Not with Molly and not with anyone before her. It was love.

And now they lived in a comfortable companionship and he couldn't shake that. He didn't want to do anything that could end it all. And not knowing what that might possibly be, it was easier for him to take Hannibal's lead. Which so far had been not to address their feelings.

"In the courtyard are garlands I've had drying, would you be so kind as to hang them after breakfast? Around the courtyard I think would be pleasing. And perhaps tomorrow we can take our supper out there and-"

"Toast marshmallows?" Will joked, Hannibal's words stirring in him memories of autumn evenings around the campfire.

"If you like." Hannibal's words were a deep purr and his smile sank into Will.

Will swallowed and let out a shaky breath before giving a curt nod and heading outside to do as requested. He knew if he stayed a moment longer in the kitchen his resolve to wait for Hannibal's lead might crumble.

He shook the idea from his mind. It wasn't usually this difficult to hold himself back, he'd had quite some practice. But it was nearly Halloween, and he hated to admit that it was alway harder to cool himself during a time of monsters and horror.

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Will had found the garlands where indicated - dried fruits and spices strung together, as he'd seen people do at Christmas but these were distinctly Halloween. Though not like any of the commercial stuff he had always seen in the stores, of course. He stood on some short steps and strung them around the perimeter of the courtyard, over broken down parts of wall and trees, along with some outdoor lights he'd found when cleaning out some storage.

Stringing them up had been strangely satisfying and he wondered if this was what it was like for families to decorate for holidays. Especially when Hannibal carried the carved pumpkin into the courtyard as Will was hanging the last garland.

"Will…" Hannibal breathed his name with amusement and awe, as he set the pumpkin on the ornate picnic table just outside of the door.

"Is this okay? I… I found the lights last week in the storeroom. I think they were meant for Christmas-"

"No, this is… this is perfect Will, this is exactly what they are for." Hannibal looked touched, actually looked emotional and the raw emotions cracked something in Will's chest. He felt the warmth radiating out to every limb.

They locked eyes and before he could even reach the bottom of the three-runged little ladder, Hannibal was there.

Will wasn't sure who reached first, whose tongue tasted first, he only knew that his mind was repeating over and over -

This is it. Finally, this is it.

All Hallow's Eve

Will woke in Hannibal's bed.

He could feel Hannibal pressed against him, almost curled around him as their naked bodies nestled together in the sumptuous bedding.

It was the light touch that had woken him, the run of fingers reverently over his skin. In his dream, the same he had been having for weeks now, it was those talons again. Those tantalising claws that promised something Will could only admit to in the dark of the night - the desires that he had. In fact, he could have sworn it was still talons after he woke - long and gentle as they caused gooseflesh with each touch.

But then he pulled completely from sleep and could feel it was just Hannibal's fingers. But that was enough.

"Good morning," Hannibal muttered in his ear, his voice sleep heavy and warm.

"It's a great morning," Will grinned, pressing back against Hannibal before turning in his arms so that he lay in the man's embrace. "I… guess I can admit that I've wanted to do that for quite sometime now. And now it's… it kind of feels like it's out of the way and I can be free."

"You've always been free, Will." Hannibal rumbled.

Will shook his head, "I meant… free to do this…" He ran a hand up into Hannibal's hair, stroking through the messy strands with a smile. He teased his fingers to Hannibal's nape before pulling him down into a deep kiss.

They had explored each other so thoroughly the day before that it felt like they had always been doing this. Always been this comfortable with each other. They had made it from the courtyard back into the kitchen before Hannibal had dropped to his knees and sucked Will until he came so hard his legs gave out.

Getting to Hannibal's room was a blur though the hours that followed weren't. Tasting, licking, sucking. Biting. They devoured each other's bodies and left each other bruised.

It was gone midnight by the time they remembered food and ate a light supper before returning to the bedroom. There, Hannibal had stroked them together in a well slicked hand until they had both spilled onto themselves, leaving it to dry between them as they drifted into a satisfied sleep.

"I need a shower." Will pulled back and laughed remembering the mess of the night before as he tried to move and felt the pull of dried come in his pubic hair.

Hannibal buried his face in the crook of Will's neck and chuckled there, "Yes, I suspect we both do."

"I… I like it." Will found himself spilling the truth.

Hannibal moved back to look at him, a slight frown questioning his meaning.

"I like the mess, I like that you've marked me and I've marked you. I… knowing that you are covered in my come, smelling like my come, tasting like it… it feels…"

"Primal." Hannibal growled before leaning in to kiss him.

They were both hard again and it took very little for them to create even more reason for them to shower.

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Will was sure they might have stayed in bed for another full day had it not seemed such an important day for Hannibal.

After their shower they had dressed and returned to the kitchen, Will fixing breakfast as Hannibal prepared the roast he was going to start slow cooking for their dinner.

"I didn't realise Halloween was such a big holiday in Lithuania." Will noted as Hannibal started on preparing a centrepiece of tiny bird skulls and dark flowers that Will couldn't name.

"It isn't," Hannibal replied, not looking up from his work. "This is a holiday held by my family… a family tradition of sorts."

"Oh!" Will wasn't quite surprised. Hannibal didn't seem like the sort to celebrate Halloween anyway and this whole thing had been a bit of an eye opener. But living in this castle was like living in a gothic horror novel.

Between the imposing building, the creaking floors and the beautifully bleak grounds, Will wouldn't have been shocked if he went out into the Courtyard and found a recreation of the Wickerman taking place.

Without prompting, Hannibal continued.

"My ancestry is… Our traditions are complex. The history of my family really starts with one event. The marriage of the great warlord Hannibal the Grim, to a powerful woman descended of both the Visconti and Sforza families, who between them ruled Milan for over two hundred years. Their union was blessed and they begot the first of the Lecter line." Hannibal paused, somewhat for dramatic affect it seemed, "I have been asked before, Will - what happened to me. To make me as I am? Nothing happened, I happened. I am as you see. As *you* see, Will."

"Wh-what are you saying Hannibal?"

“I think you already know. I think you’ve always known. Always seen… You’ve seen me in your dreams. You are so attuned to this place, in a way that truly confirmed for me, that you are meant to be mine.”

A shudder ran through Will. Hannibal’s words should be terrifying - the possessiveness. The passion in eyes was fierce and Will knew he was as good as a prisoner.

If he didn’t want to be there.

“What are you Hannibal?” He asked the question that he knew remained between them, and as he shivered at the thought of the talons, the long beastly tongue, the nightmarish antlers - he knew.

“Come with me, Will.” Hannibal bid as he turned off the oven, the hob - everything cooking was stopped and then he turned and walked out the old servant’s doorway into the courtyard.

Outside the sky was so dark it could almost pass for night, eerily so.

“Another storm,” Will observed.

Hannibal gave a slight shake of his head, looking up, “No, the same one returned.”

There was a deep rumble to his voice that made Will quiver. He walked so close behind him and after the last day it took all he had not to reach for the man. But now was not the time. Something more profound was afoot, he could sense that. And not just Hannibal’s words - but this strange and oppressive feeling of the storm.

It was much like the last time he had been at this place, with Chiyoh then and her prisoner. A sense of foreboding that he hadn’t felt all the while he’d been here with Hannibal. Or rather, he had but it hadn’t bothered him. It had felt right. Like it was inside him as well as in the castle himself. It hadn’t been last time… at least not until he had created his firefly imago…

He realised Hannibal had come to a stop in the middle of the courtyard and stopped himself short, not wanting to stand too close to the man. Not wanting to risk the growing temptation he was feeling.

His blood was heated and he could feel himself getting hard. It should be unsettling, he wasn’t a teenager anymore but this arousal felt completely out of his control. But again, it felt right.

Even as Hannibal began talking again he could think of little more than sliding himself into the warm heat of his lover.

“This place is built on grounds sacred to my family. We don’t draw our power from it, but what we are is more concentrated here. It… has an effect.”

Hannibal turned and looked at Will with a knowing grin.

There was a rumble from the dark clouds and a glow above them as lightning tried to break through. It did nothing to brighten the sky, if anything it made the darkness all the more

obvious.

“Hannibal…” Will began but he had no words, no more questions to ask, he knew Hannibal was already giving him all the answers. All the ones he didn’t already have.

It suddenly became almost pitch black, the clouds seemed like they were just above the low trees at the edge of the courtyard. There was a rumble and then the entire area was lit up by a flash of lightning striking through.

Will drew a sharp breath as Hannibal’s form was lit up.

Now completely naked, he stood taller, as though he’d had a stoop before - which of course wasn’t the case. The height added to even more by the impressive rack of antlers. The sight of them flashed a memory of a dream into Will’s mind - gripping tight to them as he was ravaged by the monster now before him.

“Hannibal…” Will repeated, breathlessly.

As the flash faded the lights he had strung up glowed into life - as though lit by the strike of electricity.

They emited a soft light that flickered almost like candles, lighting every shadow of Hannibal’s form.

“Fuck…” This time his word was almost a groan and he unintentionally found himself palming his cock.

“My true form isn’t a shock to you, I know. You’ve seen me for some time even if you haven’t been fully conscious of it.” Hannibal’s voice was a deep rumble, monstrous and soothing.

“I see you Hannibal…” Will confirmed, frozen to the spot in his awe.

“And you’ve wanted me… Like this.” There was amusement in Hannibal’s tone, though Will couldn’t deny it.

He wasn’t even sure where he’d start to deny it. He remembered the first monster movie he’d seen as a kid. He wasn’t sure of his exact age, but around the time the other boys were starting to notice the girls in class. The old Wolf Man movie was on television and he found himself getting aroused - his sexual awakening over Lon Chaney Jnr’s questionable makeup job.

And so many times since that he’d brought himself to climax over even more questionable internet porn. That compunction had only gotten worse in the time he’d known Hannibal and that made all the more sense now.

Hannibal was watching him warmly, knowingly. And Will knew he didn’t need to hide anything of himself any more.

He strode forward and ran one hand up Hannibal's taut torso, the other snaking around his neck to pull him down into a kiss. As their lips were about to touch, words fell from Will's mouth with no thought to stop them -

"Oh god, you're so beautiful like this. I want… I want to fuck you. I want to be inside you so that we are completely...uhhh," his words were swallowed into Hannibal's mouth. The kiss was hungry on both sides, though Hannibal's side had sharp teeth.

And that tongue. *Oh fuck!*

That tongue he had dreamt about, so long and thick that he could choke on it. He wanted to choke on it, have it snake down his throat.

He whimpered as it pressed lightly into his mouth, not nearly enough of what he wanted or needed. He forced himself to pull back, gazing in wonder over Hannibal's true form.

"I want to-"

"I want that too mylimasis, but to complete your becoming, to become my mate, you must let me have you. Submit to me."

"Fuck…" Will muttered, his dick aching at the thought of either eventuality. He could imagine both so vividly that he was concerned he might come in his pants. "Will I become like you? A monster?"

"Yes, this will become your true form Will," Hannibal purred and nuzzled against him. "As it was always meant to be."

Will moaned before finally focusing enough to find the words, "Let me fuck you like this first… I need…" he needed to fulfill every desire he'd ever. "Just this once whilst I'm still human, and then you can do whatever you want to me. I want that… I want to become, but..."

Will could barely draw breath, he had dreamt of this for so long with never any cause to believe it could be anything other than a perverse kink that he'd likely never be able to share with anyone.

Hannibal let out a low growl, pulling Will tight to his body and running his tongue down the side of Will's face.

"I saw this in you, Will. Just as you saw my true form." His long tongue slid around Will's throat and Will groaned. So much like his fantasy he almost climaxed in that moment. "You can have me in your human form any and every time you wish, but…" Hannibal seemed to be considering, "To experience it truly as a human, yes… Yes Will."

Hannibal's claws were picking at Will's clothes before he finished speaking.

Will couldn't help the little whimpering noises as Hannibal tore at his clothes, shredding them with his talons. Every other stroke lightly nicked Will's skin, causing shallow slices that he could feel dampen slightly with a welling of blood.

They slowly lowered to the ground - the coolness of the old paving was muffled by patches of thick moss. On their knees, Will threaded his fingers into Hannibal's antlers, tugging until their mouths came together.

It was everything he'd ever dreamed of. More, because it was Hannibal. Not some unobtainable fantasy, but the man he loved.

"Fuck," Will spat the word as he pulled back, the swelling of his chest an actual ache. That ache Bedelia asked about. "I ache for you."

He felt Hannibal tremble and a thrill ran through him.

This killer, this monster... Will knew his very existence made him tremble.

His cock throbbed between his legs, Will had to take himself in hand, giving a few long strokes before his hands were back on Hannibal. He ran them over the taut body, flesh now black hid the intricacies of it. It was rough and smooth at once, like the hide of a beast. It was perfect. He slid his hands down to Hannibal's thighs, snaking one between his legs to feel the hot and throbbing flesh there.

Hannibal growled at the contact and Will could feel the restraint in him.

They were kissing again when Will started to maneuver Hannibal, finally breaking the kiss as he pressed Hannibal onto all fours.

Hannibal snatched Will's hand, sucking his fingers into his mouth. Will groaned at the feeling of that coiled tongue against them."

"I… I'm not going to last long," Will admitted, a delirious chuckle bursting from his chest.

Hannibal released his hand, his fingers coming away thick with a viscous fluid. Saliva but not… It made his fingers tingle in a delicious way. He didn't even want to consider what that was all about because he knew it would just result in him coming before he even made use of the slick that coated his fingers.

Taking a shuddering breath, Will kneed Hannibal's legs wider and pushed his fingers to his tight hole. He enjoyed the gasp from the monster beneath him as he began to massage and push at the puckered flesh until he was able to slip a finger to the first knuckle.

Hannibal groaned, his whole body vibrating.

Will pushed the finger further, feeling Hannibal - fierce monster that he was - relax into it and push back. That was all the encouragement Will needed to add another finger. Two quickly became three as he stretched the monster until he purred. A sound Will recognised from his dreams.

His heart was hammering in his chest by the time he moved behind Hannibal, rubbing himself in the crease of Hannibal's ass as he lay himself over the monster's back and slid his fingers back into Hannibal's mouth. As he sucked, Will rut against him, until he stiffened,

breathless and on the verge of climax. He stilled completely and withdrew his fingers, panting as he willed himself back from the edge.

Damn, he'd done this so many times in his head. Watching porn and edging to draw out the pleasure. But this was different - this wasn't intentional and if he wasn't careful he'd spill all over Hannibal's back.

Even that thought nearly made him lose it. He calmed himself further, taking a deep breath before lining himself up to Hannibal's slick and open entrance.

"This is all I ever wanted…" Will breathed out the words as he pushed in, seating himself within Hannibal in one.

Hannibal grunted and tensed, causing Will to cry out as he hung onto his control by a thread.

"Will…" The word was a growl.

Will grabbed Hannibal's hips, digging his fingers into the thick skin and wondering if it would bruise. The thought of how rough they could be with each other like this was not lost on Will, in fact he knew it had always been part of the appeal.

Will thrust into to Hannibal forcefully, pressing him further to the ground. He moved his hands up Hannibal's body, slipping them around his torso and gripping on tight enough to restrict his breathing were he human. Hannibal let out a deep hum of pleasure, which only made Will grip him tighter as he fucked in and out as hard as he could. Getting deeper and deeper on every thrust. He mouthed at Hannibal's flesh, feeling the texture on his tongue and moaning at the otherworldliness of it.

"Oh, fuck… Hannibal… oh… god...fuck…." Will pounded into him, face pressed against Hannibal's firm and leathery back, and then pleasure exploded through his entire body.

It had been only a few minutes, but his balls had drawn tight and he had spilled hard and fast into the monster. His whole body shuddered, his hips jutting forward and making him wince as his over sensitive and spent cock was pushed deeper.

He had barely drawn breath when Hannibal moved.

He was quick, terrifyingly so, as he tumbled them. Will winced as he was pulled free from Hannibal's tight passage, and then knocked breathless as he was slammed onto his back.

"Will…" Hannibal's voice was lower now, his eyes almost glowing red as they drank him in.

"Yes, Hannibal fuck me, please… I want to feel it…" Will struggled to get the words out through the blissed out haze he was in. His dick was still tingling with the after effects of Hannibal's saliva and his own climax. He was relaxed and sated and could think of nothing better in that moment than being turned into the monster he knew he was always meant to be.

Having a monster fuck him to achieve that just seemed like a bonus.

The growl was once more that rumbling purr, louder this time and Will could feel it vibrating through his whole body as Hannibal moved lower and slung Will's legs over his shoulders. When he moved back up he took Will with him until he was almost balancing on his shoulders.

Will's head was lolling with the bliss that was coursing through him, but he tried to focus on the glorious sight between his legs.

Hannibal's lips parted as his tongue slipped out, it extended over a foot in length by the time it tasted Will's spent cock. Will jumped at the contact, his dick trying hard to come back to life even as Hannibal's attentions moved elsewhere.

Their eyes met as Hannibal's tongue snaked between his parted cheeks and swiped over his hole.

"Ahhh..ohhh yes…" Will's words were almost slurred with the pleasure. The tingling sensation was there now, causing every nerve in his ass to zing. "Holy fuck."

Hannibal chuckled at Will's cries, sending more jolts of pleasure through Will as Hannibal tongued his tight pucker. He was just about to beg when he felt the flat edge of the tongue disappear, a moment before he was speared by the tip of it.

Will winced at the sudden stretch and burn. But the wince turned into an uncontrollable moan as the tongue slipped slowly further into him. It pulsed and undulated, as though a living creature all it's own, and with each press the pleasure increased. The tingling sensation was definitely the main reason that Will was getting hard again.

Will writhed as Hannibal moved his tongue within him, the thickness and flex of it stretching him as it went deeper. He groaned as he felt it filling every part of him in a way he never had been before. The slide of it was slick and clearly aided by the monster's oral secretions.

Will hadn't realised quite how deep it was, until Hannibal's mouth was around his asshole, sucking at it now his tongue was completely sheathed within him.

The tongue pulsed and swirled as much as it could in the tight cavity, bringing tears to Will's eyes as it stretched him and even more so when it pressed to his prostate.

Losing any kind of control and without even realising he'd grown fully hard again, Will came again, shooting hot streams of come over his stomach and chest.

He went completely pliant, bonelessly lolling in the monster's clutches and perfectly happy to be ravaged in any way imaginable.

Hannibal chuckled, sending more pleasurably vibrations into Will's ass, as he started to withdraw his tongue.

Had Will any control over his body, he might have reached out to stop him, or at least clenched his muscles around the retreating appendage. As it slipped from him his arousal spiked further at the feeling of copious amounts of slick spilling out with it.

Will whined as he felt his hips lowered slightly, until his ass was propped up on Hannibal's thighs. Hannibal trailed the tip of his tongue from Will's ass up, over his cock and up to his stomach. He greedily licked up the come before drawing his tongue back into his mouth.

"I will make you mine now Will, forever." Hannibal leaned in and growled the words next to Will's ear.

Will had no protest to give. He wanted this more than he could put into words.

He felt talons against his skin, maneuvering him until the monster's large and rock hard cock was pressed against him. It only took one push against his stretched and slick rim, for Hannibal to bury himself to the hilt.

Will would have groaned, but the never ending pleasure had rendered him limp and mute. Which only increased his arousal and created a positive feedback loop as the monster then started to fuck into him. He had this sense of being both used and cherished at once, and knew he could spend forever getting high on that feeling.

He managed to focus his eyes on their joining, not just seeing Hannibal pump in and out of him, but the bulge in his belly every time that he did. Will did manage a moan then, feeling his cock trying fruitlessly to stir once more, at the sight of the massive cock evident beneath his skin.

The fucking seemed to last forever. Long enough for Will to regain enough cohesion to become vocal once more, and finally to reach for Hannibal's antlers again. He clutched onto them, pulling Hannibal's head down to his chest, where he began teasing Will's nipples with his tongue - tingling saliva and all.

Hannibal's thrusts were somehow both hard and sensual. Every moment a declaration and proof of his love for Will.

Will wrapped his legs around the monster's bigger frame, drawing him as deep as possible.

"Fill me up Hannibal, I want to be your monster," Will croaked the words through a dry throat.

Hannibal growled and pinned him to the cold floor with his entire weight as he increased his speed. His hips pistoned and his balls drew up.

When he spilled his seed into Will, Hannibal threw his head back and roared - the echo of it bouncing for miles around them. He continued to thrust, each move becoming wetter as his come began to fill and then spill from Will. Hannibal continued to spurt on each snap of his hips, his long tongue now lolling with pleasure.

Will groaned and moved his hands to his abdomen, feeling the stretch there as he was filled to the brim with Hannibal's seed.

"Fuck, that feels so good…" Will moaned, his cock giving another valiant but futile twitch. He ran his hands over his distended belly, already relishing how it was going to fill to have

this all flush out of him once their coupling was over.

Hannibal's only response was to grunt and spill again, this time stilling over Will, shaking with pleasure.

As Hannibal shifted slightly Will pulled on the antlers again, pulling Hannibal's attention back to him.

"Don't pull out… not yet… Let me feel you." Will asked, and as if to prove a point he squeezed his muscles around Hannibal, causing another climax for Hannibal though it had them both moaning.

The sky rumbled and lightning flashed again.

*

It seemed like hours before they had disentangled themselves from each other and laid back on the soft moss and tattered clothes.

The clouds were still heavy, making it seem almost like evening though it couldn't be later than midday. The storm had rolled on, and the crash of thunder became ever more distant.

Will's transformation hadn't been instant, in fact it had been slow enough for Hannibal to take advantage of exploring every change in Will as it happened. The thickening and darkening of his skin, the antlers breaking through and growing proudly.

Now they lay in each other's arms, watching the clouds roll by.

Two monsters side by side, an unspoken agreement before them that they would be copulating again the moment they had recovered enough.

Until then, Will was content to have Hannibal stroke a hand over his face and massage the root of his antlers.

Will recalled their words on the clifftop and how they equally applied now.

They were such beautiful monsters.

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